

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS.

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS.

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On a Pump Struck by Lightning.

Dry is thy sucker now, afflicted pump!
Thy handle stands aghast. No more the flow
Of crystal streams shall cheer the tub below!
The busy housewife will be up a stump,
And Jack and Jill up the steep hill must hump,
While dire disasters threaten as they go.
Why should that cruel storm have used thee so?
Could not th' electric fluid o'er thee jump?

So let my soul, a fountain pure and free,
Struck with astonishment, resemble thee!
Let anxious matrons meet to mourn my fate,
And pretty prattlers wonder at my state.
Let everybody say: "It's very odd!"
So shall I rest contented 'neath the sod.

SAM GREEN.

Life as a Factor in Rock-making.

BY W. A. LARKIN, '90.

The work of life in the formation of the earth's crust has been mainly the contributing of material for the making of rocks. The skeletons or stony secretions of animals, after fulfilling the purposes of life, have been turned over to the mineral kingdom to be made into rocks, and similarly from vegetable structures have come beds of stone and of coal.

In considering animal life as a source of rock material, we have the subject materially divided into three parts, namely, the sources of the calcareous, the silicious and the phosphatic materials.

The calcareous rocks form a large proportion of the crust of the earth, and are found in the earliest as well as in the latest formations. Even in the time styled by geologists, the Beginning minute animals were at work secreting the calcareous matter which forms so large a part

of the rocks of that period. But by far the most interesting of the various calcareous formations, which owe their origin to animals, is chalk, which forms the distinctive deposit of the cretaceous period.

In Europe this formation reaches a depth of over a thousand feet; the area which is covered stretches from Iceland to the Crimea, a distance of 1000 miles, while the breadth of the deposit is nearly as great. In North America this formation borders the continent on the eastern side, from New York to the Gulf of Mexico, and spreads up the Mississippi Valley to the mouth of the Ohio, while it extends from the Mississippi to the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

Chalk, as we know, is pure carbonate of lime. In Europe this immense deposit of nearly a thousand miles square retains throughout a homogeneous composition—pure carbonate of lime and nothing else. For a long time this deposit was considered as being merely sedimentary in character. But the fact of its homogeneity alone would make us look suspiciously at the chalk as a sedimentary deposit; and when we consider the facts under which carbonate of lime is held in solution in water, and how it may be precipitated, our suspicions are confirmed. Therefore we must seek for other causes to account for the existence of chalk than the ordinary deposition from water which held it mechanically suspended.

Water has no solvent power on carbonate of lime unless it be charged with carbon di-oxide. The water of the sea, as is all water exposed to the atmosphere, contains this gas, and hence it is capable of holding a little chalk in solution. This chalk could only be deposited if the gas were driven out of the water, which might be done by raising the water to a temperature

approaching its boiling point, or by evaporating the water: to neither of these conditions could the water of the sea have been submitted. It may be asked, could not the carbonate of lime have been mechanically suspended in the sea, as it is found at the foot of the chalk cliffs? The answer to this is that the sea never has sufficient chalk in it to use up all the carbonic acid gas in the water.

There is always present in the sea-water such a quantity of gas that all the chalk brought down by a river, or ended by the waves washing a chalk-bound coast, might easily be rendered soluble; and unless we have very convincing evidence that things in the cretaceous epoch were not as they are now, we have no right to imagine that the constitution of the atmosphere and of the sea was at all different in those times from what it is now. Moreover, there are now agencies at work which are quite capable, time being granted—and Nature is never restricted to time to complete her work—to construct masses of chalk of any size. We find all the shell-fish, and many of the inhabitants of the ocean, endowed with the power of secreting the lime held in solution in the sea-water in order to build for themselves protective coverings.

In the southern seas the coral polyp has built up enormous reefs of limestone, some of which edge the Australian continent for more than a thousand miles! Innumerable islands are found in the Pacific Ocean which owe their existence almost entirely to these indefatigable little workers, who for ages untold have taken from the very ocean which seemed to threaten them with a furious destruction the material with which to build their habitations. Each generation added to the work of their fathers, thus raising from the depths a wall of rock. The aggregate efforts of the nation of coral polyps has produced a mass of limestone well deserving of a place in the geological system.

But, although from the coral fossils found in the chalk we may conclude that the chalk deposits owe their origin partly to the coral polyp, yet other workers shared in the construction. By carefully pulverizing a piece of chalk and examining the grains under the microscope it will be discovered that they are either shells or parts of shells. They belong to the family of the Rhizopods or radiate animals, and are also known as the Foraminifera.

The shells of these minute creatures form the great bulk of the chalk rocks. To confirm this fact, and place the organic origin of chalk beyond dispute, by deep sea dredging vast areas have been discovered in the Atlantic Ocean

where the ocean floor is covered with calcareous mud. The microscope reveals the fact that this mud is composed of living Foraminifera, who are engaged in secreting the lime from the water and from it forming their shells. Here, then, we have the chalk beds in process of construction, and in after ages, if the world should still exist in its present form and the bottom of the Atlantic become dry land, there will be a bed of chalk unmixed with sand or other debris. Other calcareous rocks, as the common limestones, marbles and others, are also formed of the shells of minute animals.

Siliceous material of organic origin is far less abundant than calcareous; for quartz is derived mostly from mineral sources. However, we have examples of silica producing animals in certain sponges and the radiolarians. Siliceous material of vegetable origin is derived chiefly from the minute plants, called Diatoms. These plants are very widely distributed, growing both in fresh and in salt waters.

Phosphatic material has been chiefly contributed by the higher classes of animals principally the vertebrates. Bones, scales, and, to some extent, all animal tissues, contain phosphatic material. The deposits of phosphates as salts are often worked because the material is valuable as a fertilizer.

The most abundant contribution from the vegetable kingdom to the earth's crust are the beds of mineral coal; coal being made from woody tissues. The mineral oils, as petroleum and bitumen, are partly of vegetable and partly of animal origin. Graphite, which consists of pure carbon, is also of vegetable origin, and coal has been found to change to graphite when subjected to high heat under pressure.

One of the most extensive of the formations which owe their origin to vegetable matter is the peat formation. Peat is, in accumulation of half-decomposed matter, found in wet or swampy places.

The peat beds of some countries occasionally have a thickness of 40 feet. One tenth of Ireland is covered by them, and in many parts of New England, as well as in other parts of North America are found extensive beds. The amount in Massachusetts alone has been estimated to exceed one hundred and twenty million cords.

Closely allied with the Peat-formations are the coal measures. In some cases beds of Peat have been found which were altered below to an imperfect coal.

The vegetable origin of coal is proved beyond dispute by the fact that remains of leaves, branches, stems, or trunks abound in the coal

measures. The hardest anthracite contains throughout its mass vegetable tissues. On examining, with a high magnifying power, pieces of coal which are slightly burned, the vegetable tissues may be readily determined.

Mineral coal, as we know, consists of from seventy to ninety-six per cent. of pure carbon along with from two to six of hydrogen and from two to fifteen of oxygen. Vegetable or woody tissues contain but fifty per cent. of carbon, but contain forty-four per cent. of oxygen and six of hydrogen. Now in order to change the woody material to coal it is necessary to first get rid of some of the oxygen and hydrogen. Vegetable matter decomposing in the open air passes into gaseous combinations, and little or no carbon is left behind. But if the material be excluded from the air the combustion is incomplete, and part of the carbon remains and coal may result.

Being limited as to space, it is impossible to do more than merely notice the immense amount of work life has done in the formation of the globe.

The Tariff Question.

A REPLY.

In a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC appeared an article whose object was to show the benefits derived from a high protective tariff. The first proposition put forth referred to the farmer and the tariff in the following:

"The present condition of the farmer is far more prosperous than it would have been under a system of tariff for revenue only—more prosperous than it ever has been in this country when the principle of protection was abandoned, and is far better than the condition of the farmer in any free-trade country in the world."

The candor of the writer in stating his object so openly is certainly to be admired. However, the proof was not so clear as it should be. It appears somewhat strange to an ordinary observer how any system which compels a man to buy everything that he needs in a high protected market, while the prices of all he sells are governed by the markets of a free-trade country, is going to benefit or enrich him. Yet this is precisely the position in which the American farmer is placed. He has to pay a tariff on everything that he buys from a hoe to a threshing machine. But does he not sell more of his produce in the home markets than he exports? Admit that he does, but note that the prices of grain in this country are regulated by the Liverpool market, or rather are a shade lower. This must be so, for the farmer produces more than is consumed at home, and consequently he is

obliged to find a market for his surplus elsewhere. He sends it to where it is wanted, and gets a better price for it than he would by selling it at home where it is not wanted.

The only consistent argument alleged to show that the policy of protection aids any industry in this country is that free competition in the sales of the products of that industry reduces prices so materially that our people cannot profitably engage in producing them. Hence it follows that this system can only be beneficial to the producers of those articles which would be imported to an injurious extent if not restricted by the tariff. As regards material which we produce in greater quantities than we consume, and those which we produce as cheaply as they can be produced in foreign countries, this policy can in no way have a beneficial application. Unless a commodity produced in a foreign country can be sold here at a higher price than it commands at home, and at a lower price than a like commodity produced here, it will not be imported; likewise no article will be exported from this country to foreign markets unless it is worth more there than at home. These statements are self-evident. Therefore, without the tariff there could be no competition with the farmers in our markets; for they produce more than is consumed, and with the tariff, the farmer is obliged to pay a tribute to the manufacturer for every implement he uses in tilling his farm and for the necessaries with which to support his family. Since the tariff fails to protect the farmer, it would be better for him if he could get his produce to the market at a less expense. If the choice were given him whether he would rather pay ten or fifteen cents a bushel to a man for harvesting his grain he would, doubtless, rather pay the ten cents. This tariff question, rightly viewed, amounts to the same thing.

As the agriculturalists begin to realize how detrimental to their interests is a high protective tariff, they cast aside all political prejudices, and declare for that party which is laboring for their welfare. The farmer is not only charged extra for what he purchases at home, but if, after selling his grain in England, he should desire to purchase some article which he finds cheaper there than in his own country, he is met at the custom-house, as soon as he arrives in New York, and a little tax of from thirty to forty-eight per cent. of the purchase price is added—a tax as the protectionists claim which benefits him.

Tariff for revenue only was passed on July 30, 1846, to go into effect on December 1 of the same year. By that time the price of cotton

advanced 18.3 per cent.; wheat, 17.3 per cent.; rye, 18 per cent.; corn, 24½ per cent.; oats, 40.9 per cent., and barley, 24.7 per cent. Seven of the principal crops increased in value \$115,000,000, while the increase of all the crops was \$350,000,000. It seems that on this occasion the farming industry was far from being ruined.

The writer next claims that by the levying of duties on foreign goods we compel the foreign producers to pay a large share of the expenses incident to the running of the Government—that the great body of our people are thereby relieved of a heavy burden. Also that as foreign trades claim the benefits of our laws and courts it is no more than right that they should bear some of the burden of our taxes.

Because we guarantee a foreigner justice in dealing with us is no reason why we should charge him for it. We are, or at least claim to be, a civilized people, and hence are bound to see that justice is given to a foreigner as well as to a citizen. When an American transacts business in a foreign country, he is accorded the privileges of its courts. In fact, it is, as the writer probably knows, a principle of International Law.

But do we compel the foreign producer to pay our taxes as the gentleman asserts? I would like first to call his attention to the fact that the greater part of our imports are brought here by American traders. Let us see then how the foreign producers pay this tax. Our merchants buy the goods from the foreign producers in their own markets; they bring them to this country, and are obliged to pay a tax for doing so to the Custom-house officers. This tax goes into the United States Treasury. But the importer does not propose to lose anything on the operation, so he adds the tax which he had to pay, together with the profit he intends to make, and sells to a wholesale dealer who in turn adds his profit, and sells to the retailer; but, of course, the retail merchant must make something, so he adds a little profit, and then sells to the "great body of our people." But the great body of our people do not have to pay the direct taxes of the Government, the importer does that. All they have to do is to refund this to the importer, together with the profit he makes, and then pay the profits made by the wholesale and retail merchants. But this is only on imported articles. If he wishes to buy like articles of home manufacture he has to pay what they are worth together with the tariff which protects them. This tariff does not find its way into the United States Treasury, it goes into the pockets of the manufacturer.

But, of course, as long as it is not a direct tax it is not felt.

It is next asserted, without any facts being given to bear out the assertion, that for the last forty years the condition of the laborer in England has been growing worse. This he attributes to free-trade. In the first place, it is not true that wages are lower at present in England than they were formerly. In 1855 miners for hewing coal received 72 cents per day—a day's work at that time consisted of about twelve hours. At present the same kind of labor commands \$1.15 per day, together with free house and free coal; besides, a day's work now is only six hours. Like results are found in other fields of labor. But it is not to be supposed that because wages have increased so materially it is owing to a low tariff. The gentleman in his article claims that the law of supply and demand regulates the prices of all commodities. Why except wages from this general law? When two bosses are hunting for one laborer, wages are generally twice as high as where two laborers are working for one boss.

Again, our tariff has undergone only slight modifications since the war; yet in one year wages are exceedingly high and in the next very low. In 1880 wages were almost twice as high in California as they were in 1878, because the demand for laborers was much greater. In 1888 unskilled labor in glass furnaces in Virginia received 82 cents per day; in Alabama, 98 cents; in Pennsylvania, \$1.09; in Missouri, \$1.29. Now I ask if it is the tariff that makes wages so high, and operating equally in all parts of the country, how is it that wages differ, as in the States just mentioned? How is it that this tariff, which gets men goods wages in Missouri, gets them middling wages in Pennsylvania and very poor wages in Alabama? Protectionists reason that because wages are higher in the United States than they are in England it is owing to the fact that we have a high protective tariff, while England has a tariff for revenue only. Protection seems to be double actioned. France and Germany have a protective tariff, yet the wages in those countries are lower than in England. With equal propriety we might claim that this is owing to the tariff system of these countries.

It is idle to confound wages with any economic question. Every one knows that where work is plentiful and workmen scarce, wages are high. On the other hand, where there is only a small demand for labor and many laborers seeking employment, wages are low. Whether the employer is making large or small profits he is going to get the labor done at as small an

expense as possible. A high or low tariff in no way effects it. There is a tax of seventy-five cents on a ton of bituminous coal, but it does not accrue to the benefit of the miner; he gets forty cents per ton for his work, which he would get without the tariff, as the anthracite miner does whose competing article comes in free of duty.

"But it remained for Mr. Cleveland to irrevocably commit the democratic party to free-trade by his message to Congress in 1887. This was the Rubicon which once crossed was crossed forever."

This is not necessarily so. The democratic party has ever sought to maintain such principles as would be of benefit to the country. Where conditions change, the democratic party adapts its principles to those conditions. Should we once more be forced into war and thereby compelled to meet extra expenses, the democratic party will favor a high tariff, if no better means can be found. But after the war is over and peace once more restored it will lessen the burden of taxation in proportion as the expenses of the Government become lessened—it will never declare for a war-tariff in time of peace. Its object is to lay a sufficient tax on luxuries to meet the expenses incident to the maintenance of government. It believes that the necessities of life should be obtained as cheaply as possible. It believes that it is a bad policy to have a tariff so high that millions of dollars more than are necessary are collected. It says that every time a man is taxed for one dollar more than is necessary he is robbed of that dollar. It believes that manufacturers should make fair profits on their money invested, but that they should not be made capitalists of by making paupers of other classes.

C. M. CASSIN (*Law*), '91.

Pope and Tennyson.

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CLASS OF CRITICISM.

The difference between Pope's and Tennyson's *technique*? It is the difference between the twang of a steel tuning-fork and the tone of a mellow bell. Pope quarries for well-squared blocks of stone with which to rear a massive structure; Tennyson strays along the beach of poesy, collecting multiform and variegated pebbles, and builds, it may be, a grotto or a grange, but it is always something artistic. Tennyson's music is the plashing of the cataract—sweet, wild and irregular. In Pope we have also "the sound of many waters," perhaps, but the waters are so regular and their flow so exactly measured that we cannot but feel they were stag-

nant somewhere. The impression grows upon us that, to use a bad figure, Pope must have lived at the rate of sixty minutes an hour, for he never rises to the heights at which we seem to live whole years in a moment. If we notice that his work is not of equal merit throughout, we usually find, not that one line is *better* than another, but that some particular line is worse than the last. In fine, he never sports, but he sometimes lags; his greatest moments are never rapture, his poorer work is merely commonplace. And yet for all Pope's jingling machinery, perhaps no one had as loud a voice as he in determining what should be the particular character of finished English verse. Each national literature has its own sort of polish, and to Pope be the honor of choosing ours.

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

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Pope never drank deep from the pierian spring. His learning was superficial, and perhaps it is because of this that his sentiments were so shallow. He was never carried away by the passion of his theme; but rather was his thought like the fleeting ripple that steals along the surface of a placid sea, while the deep waters rest untroubled beneath. If he approaches the sublime occasionally, in his translations, it is in spite of himself. The fatally facile jingle of his rhyme was indicative of the nature of his genius—or shall I say rather, of his talent. Pope was the poet of the *vers de société*, not of the soul-inspiring epic. He adapted his theology to his metre, and thrust his venomous pen into the heart of his dearest friends. I speak of this because, after all, the *technique* of a poet is the physiognomy of his muse, and one can trace in its lineaments the nature of the soul that is behind it all. The cold, calculating, ambitious man is evident in every line of his jingling and incisive couplets.

But Tennyson has the virtues of Pope without his defects. His poetical sensibilities are keener, and his mental vision more extensive, while to the technical perfection of Pope he adds a human sympathy infinitely more warm. And above all Pope reels off the infidel platitudes of Bolingbroke, while Tennyson tells us that "The whole world is bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

H. P. BRELSDORF.

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Alfred Tennyson is the greatest of living poets. His style is pure, lofty and sweet, and his ideals are of the noblest. He delights to sing of honor, fidelity and chastity. In his works every image is wrought with fastidious care, every idea is in harmony with the whole, and restrained within the radius of clear expression. We find a new quality inherent in them—the harmony and movement of poetic speech. His verses are polished with an exquisite touch, such as he alone possesses. The lightness and gayety of youth, the passions that rend man's heart, are depicted with masterly strength.

Pope wrote with a native polish of his own, and surpassed all preceding writers in forming couplets that pushed thoughts with brilliant effect of antithesis, and showed adaptness of word within the compass of a line or couplet. Pope perfected an artificial style, but was in his own way very much in earnest. It has been said that he injured his mind by the labor for a brilliant antithesis not reconcilable with full sincerity of style. Pope's verses are rounded full and poetic; but the sarcasm expressed in them often fail to bring to light their beautiful properties. The *technique* of Pope has often served as a model for others; but the thought of his verses does not equal his exquisite polish. His education was not thorough, perhaps we might say superficial; but his verses are so full of meaning and thought, and their finish excuses in part this delinquency. In conclusion, we might say that these two great poets are models of *technique*, and might be held as models for others to follow, both of them for *technique*, but Tennyson for purity of thought.

B. M. HUGHES.

**

Tennyson's influence on the life and literature of our time, his teaching and his high and genuine qualities have been immense. His writings have always been pure, and, together with the glow and richness and fullness of his technical qualities, his style is pure and lofty. His poetry creates a taste for all that is good and beautiful, and those who read his works cultivate those qualities of style that are artistic in words, and derive therefrom a natural and healthy state of taste.

In Pope's writings we notice without difficulty the artificiality of his style by the criticism passed upon his writings; he was not content to satisfy, and always endeavored to do his best to "equal, if not excel," his former productions. Pope seemed to be, judging by his different essays, always in earnest, and there can be noticed an uncertainty in his knowledge. We can, however, be justified in stating that Pope's style is extremely polished.

E. PRUDHOMME.

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To say which of these two men is the greater poet is by no means an easy task. Although there are many fine lines in Pope, I consider Tennyson the greater; Pope, though a truly great poet, does not seem to appeal to one's feelings. His language is of the highest polish, and one can see, in reading his works, that he knew the English language perfectly, and knew how to use it to the best advantage. Notwithstanding this, Tennyson seems to possess some power over his readers that Pope lacks. In reading Tennyson, one seems to derive a certain amount of pleasure; but to sit down and attempt to read the works of Pope carefully and in a way that we may be benefited, is a task that a young person would hesitate to undertake; while

one can pick up Tennyson for an hour's recreation and read both with benefit and pleasure.

J. MCGRATH.

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We have to consider two poets who have excelled all others in the English language in art *technique*, Pope and Tennyson. Both were faultless beyond compare, and therein lay their greatest sin; both were exceedingly diligent, endeavoring ever to do their best, not being content to satisfy, but to excel. They examined words and lines with minute observation, correcting and retouching, always changing for the better, adding clearness, elegance or strength.

Pope's *Essay on Criticism* is not original, and the maxims therein contained are but paraphrases of older poets, more especially Horace. It is a dainty, though not insipid bit; it has fervor, but sacrifices not in judgment.

In all his poetry, Pope's continual aim has been to write faultless verse, to arrive at the perfection of *technique*; but in his eagerness he overlooked the rhymes, some of which are bad. He wrote with great caution, and to this we owe those sparkling epigrams which overflow his works.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or touch not the pierian spring,"

is a splendid example.

Tennyson's art is superior to Pope's; he has all of his music, all of his polish, but is not so artificial. Pope loses by the jingle of his rhymes, and his metre is not so well chosen. Tennyson wrought with the most fastidious care; he chose his images, his epithets, striving for point, for freshness for the picturesque. Every word is perfectly balanced; every thought perfectly expressed, and the whole is so nicely adjusted that the music is without fault. At times a happy effect is produced by the introduction of an odd foot, a trochee among anapests or iambics. Pope appears too studied in his faultlessness; Tennyson is smooth and flowing always above expectation.

W. MORRISON.

**

We have here for consideration two poets that are truly great. Tennyson is a name which for many years has been spoken of and admired beyond that of any other poet of the nineteenth century. His style is free and easy, his diction pure and exalted, and his *technique* admirably correct. While his poetry is beautiful and exalted, it does not appeal to the educated only, but strikes deep into the hearts of the general average. Not since the time of Byron has any poet touched the feelings of men so deeply as Tennyson. He delights to write of honor, chastity and fidelity; and we find very few expressions, if any at all, that are not pure and lofty and taken from the soul. His "Locksley Hall" is a poem of poems; a work which, in my opinion, will continue to be read and admired long after other poetry is forgotten. It is a work which nothing but a genius could produce. In it are

expressions and sentiments, which do not touch us for the moment and then are forgotten, but which strike deep into our souls and leave an everlasting impression. Perhaps I could do no better than to quote a few lines and let them speak for themselves:

"Love took up the glass of time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self that, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

Pope, while a great poet, and one that produced many admirable works, is the very opposite of Tennyson. He acknowledges that he wrote only for fame, with very little spirituality. When he was called upon by necessity or circumstances to write, he threw his whole power and force into his work; for he cared not to satisfy, but to excel, and on this account did his best.

Pope is the first poet in English literature for *technique*, polish of style, and carefully constructed lines. In the translation of Homer he pays more attention to the selection of his rhymes than to the thought expressed in the poetry of that wonderful old man, and on this account his translation is not what the Greek expresses.

C. SANFORD.

Tennyson and Pope are the most finished of the English poets. Tennyson is not only the greater, but one of the most pleasing of our poets. High moral sentiments are often expressed in his verses. He instructs and exhorts to virtue, while he is, at the same time, delighting you. And yet is not this true poetry in the highest sense of the term? We cannot exactly define the word, but we know that it is akin to the divine mission itself to lead on to virtue while delighting the heart. We are not ready to say the same of Pope. Though there is, perhaps, no verse more polished, more exact, still we are made to shudder, as it were, at the cold magnificence of color, and the exact, correct outlines of form, and the truthful expression of the real image; we feel as if we were gazing upon a marble monument—one unique in form, matchless in beauty—but cold in its beauty. With Tennyson, on the contrary, we glow with the warmth of his expression, so beautiful and sympathetic. Of Pope it is true that perhaps no poet ever said so much in so few words; of Tennyson it is true that, perhaps, no poet, except Shakespeare, ever afforded so many practical lessons. A close observer of nature, he draws for us lessons of experience, and gives them to us clothed in beautiful verse.

W. HOULIHAN.

We have here to compare two poets who have equally excelled in the English language. Both have ornamented their poetry with a peculiar elegance and delicacy of touch; both have ex-

celled in what may be called artificial poetry: the one was the chief representative poet in Queen Anne's time, Alexander Pope, and the other is the greatest among living poets, Alfred Tennyson. One would hardly hesitate in giving the superiority to the latter; however, if we stop to consider the different times in which they live, it is difficult to decide who was the greater. It is found in the progress of learning that in all nations the first writers are more simple, and that every age improves its elegance; one refinement always makes way for another. Thus Pope wrote for an age and nation, which, of course, did not need such refinement and exquisiteness as is now characteristic of Lord Tennyson. However, if Pope was not so full of the rich and haunting forms of verse as we find in the latter, his style, while being also very elegant and exquisite was perhaps more correct and uniform.

Tennyson's poetry appears to be more what we may call decorative; he is more musical and fine: he is also essentially a lyric poet; he is full of gentle and beautiful sentiments, but he lacks that power which Pope has—to exhibit the stronger passions of the soul. While Tennyson delights in the picturesque and abounds with the mild and graceful, Pope depicts human passion and emotion. Although the former is a greater poet, the latter's felicity of diction and energetic brevity will ever be admired.

J. E. PARADIS.

Pope is wonderful for the faculty of condensing a great thought into one short, strong and clear sentence. When I say great thought, I do not mean a poetic one, but rather a true one:

"Men must be taught as if you taught them not."
Who but Pope could write such a line, unless, perhaps, Tennyson, who says:

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Pope is neither poetic nor musical; he never approaches the sublime; whereas Tennyson is all poetry; his poems are more musical, perhaps, than those of any other poet, and some of his lines rise to sublimity. Pope was a society poet; he wrote for fame and present profit. Tennyson is a real poet, and he writes because he is a poet and cannot help it.

Poetry is closely connected with love—by love I mean the affection for plants and animals as well as for man—so how could Pope, who hated the world and almost everything in it, write true poetry? Tennyson, on the contrary, is one of the most affectionate of men, as one can tell by reading "Locksley Hall" and "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Tennyson writes true poetry; Pope simply puts prose in the form of poetry. Tennyson is sublime; Pope is worldly. Tennyson writes, not for fame, but because he is a poet; Pope wrote for a name.

J. WRIGHT.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-THIRD year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have here tofore lent it a helping hand.

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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

Staff.

J. W. CAVANAUGH, '90,	H. P. BRELFSFORD, '91,
J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	C. T. CAVANAGH, '91,
J. E. H. PARADIS, '90,	F. C. LONG, '90,
JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91,	W. MORRISON, '90

—The new bird's-eye view of the University has been received from the engravers, Messrs. S. D. Childs & Co. of Chicago. The view is a well-executed colored lithograph, 22 x 28 inches in size, and is a correct representation of the University buildings and grounds. Copies can be procured by application at the students' office. Every student should secure one before the supply is exhausted.

—One of the great events of next week will be the unveiling of Gregori's group, "The Sciences," in the Dome of the University. Right Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University of America, will preside. A poem

will be read by William P. Coyne, A. M., of the Royal Irish University, and an address will be delivered by the Hon. Wm. J. Onahan, LL. D., of Chicago. The ceremony will take place on Thursday, May 29, at 4 p. m.

It may be mentioned also that Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane will deliver two lectures on Thursday and Friday evenings. The subject of the first lecture is "Christian Manhood," and the second, "Christian Patriotism."

—*Alma Mater* has always enjoyed a high reputation for oratory, and, it need scarcely be said, she has lost none of her former excellence in this respect. The men who in past years made Exhibition Hall ring with eloquence and pathos have left their cloaks to no unworthy successors. Many gifted speakers and at least a few brilliant orators can be chosen from among the students —men who are well qualified to uphold the honor of the University at home, and to serve as its fitting representatives abroad. The time has come for our orators to declare themselves and to make their power felt outside. All the great universities of the West are arranging for the formation of an Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association and there is no adequate reason why we should not be represented. Our young Ciceros are eager to meet the Michigan men in peaceful contest, and we feel assured that such a meeting would effect much good.

The Ellsworth C. Hughes Medal.

The following communication from the father of the late lamented Ellsworth C. Hughes explains itself. We are sure that the competition for the beautiful medal offered will be unusually spirited—*Palnam qui meruerit ferat:*

THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD CO.,
Traffic Department,

DENVER, COL., May 17, 1890.

A. S. HUGHES, Traffic Manager.

REV. J. A. ZAHM, V. P. U. N. D.,
NOTRE DAME, IND.

MY DEAR FATHER ZAHM:—We desire to present annually a gold medal to the student having the highest average in the Senior year of the Scientific Course, to be known as "The Ellsworth C. Hughes Medal in Memory of Ellsworth C. Hughes, Class '91."

We ask that mathematics be the principal factor in deciding the competition, and that this study shall be counted not less than fifty per cent. in determining the whole average.

We hand you herewith \$25.00, and trust that the medal may be ordered for the coming Commencement. It will be renewed annually hereafter.

Yours truly,
ANDREW S. HUGHES.

The Monument to Prof. Lyons.

Prof. Hoynes has received a letter from Mr. W. T. Ball, '74, Chicago, in which the latter says:

"We feel that we must do some active work at once, and will have a meeting of the old students some time next week, probably on Tuesday evening. I have collected \$250 subscriptions for a monument, and will guarantee to increase the amount to \$500 by June 1st. Can we get a suitable monument for that amount? Our Club desires to have the monument unveiled when we attend the Commencement next month. Now, I would suggest this plan of action: After our meeting I will send you a draft for amount subscribed and my personal guarantee of enough more to make \$500. You can then examine plans, and purchase a monument to be placed before Commencement."

The Monument Committee will not, of course, suffer Mr. Ball to bear the financial burden which he so generously proposes to assume. Prof. Hoynes, the local treasurer, has a certain amount on hand, and it is expected that the University societies, with whose origin and progress the memory of Prof. Lyons is so closely identified, will do their part in the matter.

The Influence of an Academy on American Literature.

It must not be forgotten that the Americans were never, in any literary sense, a young people. The Pilgrim Fathers who sailed hitherward in the early years of the seventeenth century were reared in an atmosphere which still throbbed with the greatest literary outburst England, or the world, for that matter, had yet seen. It is true they were not mostly men of a literary temperament. They were men, as Lowell says, "with empires in their brains," who acted their dramas instead of writing them. Nevertheless, it was much to have as their instrument of expression, when they did come to speak and write, a language which had been forged in the mint of genius, and whose every word thrilled with associations "of Marlow's mighty line." So much must be borne in mind.

It should be remembered, too, that English essays even yet must be the criterion of good taste and correctness for writers of the English language. This by no means implies any colonial servility. On the contrary, it bespeaks an admirable and natural reverence for such a powerful and flexible instrument of thought that it should be allowed to develop in the country, amongst whose people it was born, and with whose traditions it has grown rather than in any offshoot however vital and independent.

The leading writers of England should, in point of fact, serve the purpose of an Academy to

those who use the English language. An American's sense of freedom may be shocked by such a proposition; but if it is calmly considered, I think it will be found natural and reasonable enough.

But waiving this question, what service would an institution such as the French Academy render American literature? For several reasons the effects would be more marked on its prose than on its poetry. Poetry at its purest is a law to itself—it is the outcome of genius, and genius works best when unshackled. Thus it is that England's poetry is so vastly superior to the poetry of France. Compare, however, for a moment, the prose writers of France with their neighbors across the Channel. What a difference there! and all due, as could easily be shown, to the presence of a body like the "forty immortals," whose object is "*maintenir la délicatesse de l'esprit français.*"

And so it is in a stronger measure with American prose. I have such a reverence for American authors—I have praised them so much elsewhere—that I may be allowed to lay my finger very lightly on what I consider one or two of their drawbacks. What strikes a stranger most in recent American literature, and more especially in the department of criticism, is what I may call a certain note of *provinciality*—a want of literary perspective. Critics like Mr. Stedman and Mr. Howells have many merits; they feel deeply the beauties, and sometimes the faults, of the works they review. They impress one as being endowed with exquisitely sensitive organisms; but what fantastic reasons they give when they come to analyse the faith that is in them. They strive to explain their feelings by a code of false principles. They have no canons of art. And this comes, it seems to me, from the lack of any critical authority in these matters.

Again, take extravagances of language and ideas. Fancy any French author playing such freaks with his language as those which I take from one of the leading literary journals in this country—"program," "gayety," "the business takes place Monday," "he helped make reparation!" Imagine such language as this in the *Journal des Débats*. Or again, look at such monstrosities, in the literary sense, as Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram," or a recent work on "A Wonderful Discovery in the Book of Job—'Behemoth and Leviathan Found to Refer to the Stationary and Self-Propelling Steam-Engines of our Days.'" These are what Mr. Renan calls *tentatives malheureuses*; failures, eccentricities.

A Traveller's Musings.

V.

On our way to the Lone Star State, while crossing the swollen and turbulent waters of the Mississippi in a large ferry-boat of the Southern Pacific Railway, that panted and groaned in buffeting the angry flood, one could not help thinking of man's insignificance in the presence of Nature's vast powers and mighty forces. The words of Schiller's *Lied der Glocke*, describing the utility and destructiveness of fire, seemed to me to be also applicable to water:

Wohlthätig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt, bewacht:
Und was er bildet, was er schafft,
Das dankt er dieser Himmelskraft:
Doch furchtbar wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft!

It was a noble sight, this Goliath of rivers, that gathered strength from the streams of a continent, and rushed onwards with impetuous career, defying the impotent power of pigmy man, to join Old Ocean's invincible hosts of swelling billows, and find a home in its unfathomable abysses! Or, like a fiery steed that spurns the bit and scorns the feeble hand of his rider, the furious mass of waters prepared to leave its beaten pathway, overleap its fragile bounds, and carry destruction, nay death, along its wayward course! The river from bank to bank, or from New Orleans to Algiers, is a little less than a mile—3000 feet—its level was four feet or more above the streets of the city. Its depth is 200 feet opposite the city. It had risen 16 feet. A rise of about two feet more and we should have had one or many crevasses unless they were prevented at the first break by hundreds or thousands of bags of earth thrown in by hundreds of stalwart arms. But the good, easy-going citizens of the Creole City gave no more thought to danger than the inhabitants of Babylon on the night when Cyrus entered its brazen gates, or the peoples of Herculaneum and Pompeii when Vesuvius first belched forth its clouds of ashes, and poured down the mountain's side its flowing lava tides!

A hundred millions have been expended by private individuals and by the Government in building up the system of levees along the great river. But as the bed of the river rises each year by the deposit of debris, so must the levees rise accordingly at a ruinous expense. And notwithstanding all the puny efforts of human art and labor to confine the floods, let but the Upper Mississippi be swollen by rains

and freshets from its mighty and many tributaries; let, at the same time, heavy rain storms flood the streams of the lower rivers, such as the Arkanas, the Yazoo and the Red Rivers, no earthly power could confine the united floods. Thousands of square miles of plantations and of sugar lands would be submerged, and millions of property and cattle, houses, growing crops would be destroyed, not to speak of the loss of human life. Some persons think that the South Pass, or channel, in the lower delta of the river, was jettied by Eads in order to give a better outlet to the floods. This is a mistake. The principal object of the jetties was to cut out a deeper channel for ships of large tonnage by means of the compressed and stronger current. This channel is but 500 feet wide. Eads suggested jettying the southeast or main outlet on the ground that the new jetties would ease the river traffic and relieve the congestion of the waters; but the Government took no action in the matter. A prominent New Orleans man confessed that there was but one way to save the levees and the enormous annual expense of maintaining them—the cutting or opening of an additional channel for the river to Lake Borgne and at the same time allow the floods of the Red River to flow directly to the sea. The Mississippi is but thirty feet deep at the jetties.

Many people imagine that the Mississippi is the longest river in the world—whereas this honor belongs to the Missouri counting in its length to the sea, which is 4,100 miles. It is 2,900 to its junction with the Mississippi, and for 2400 miles of this it is navigable. In this case, it is the tail which wags the dog—the shorter river gives its name to the combined volumes of water.

The distance from New Orleans to the first mouths of the delta is about one hundred miles—to Ead's jetties one hundred twenty-five. If every cubic foot of river water contains about thirty grains of solid matter or about one hundredth of its volume in mud, how many millions of cubic feet of our best soil must not be deported annually from our valleys to be deposited in the depths of the Gulf of Mexico? Infidel archæologists conclude the existence of prehistoric man many thousand of years before the Adamic era from utensils found half a hundred feet beneath the surface of the banks of the Nile. A little arithmetic is enough to dissipate their unscientific and unchristian theories in regard to the antiquity of the human race! The Rhine deposits every day in the sea 145,980 cubic feet of alluvium, what must not be the enormous quantity carried by a river with an average width say

of 2500 feet and an average depth of fifteen feet or over?

We had intended going to Morgan City on the Gulf, and there taking a steamer to Galveston; but on getting to the Southern Pacific Depot learned that the company boats no longer carried passengers. This railway system, having no competition, is as independent as a "hog on ice." It has about as much regard for the public as the great Vanderbilt himself. Three cents a mile, and no round trip tickets, is the invariable charge.

For a long distance west of the Mississippi, the land in Louisiana lies below the surface of the river; it is, in fact, but a few feet above the level of the sea in any place as far as the Sabine River, the western boundary of the State. In fact, several of the rivers we crossed were, like the Mississippi, confined to their channels by embankments, notably Bayou La Tourche. We passed through several parishes or counties, alluvial, prairie or piney-woods "and shady savannas looking out on the sea." We rolled over vast plains of excellent soil which, being properly ditched, would make some of the finest agricultural lands in the world; now they give sustenance only to vast herds, or bunches, as here termed, of long-horned cattle. Scattered around at long intervals, except in the vicinity of New Orleans where they were quite numerous, were old plantation mansions with their wide verandahs and large brick chimneys. In very many instances they appeared to be falling into decay—the result, no doubt, of the impoverishment of their owners by the War of the Rebellion. At a short distance from the planters' mansions were the wretched cabins once occupied by their slaves, and still tenanted by the same slaves, now freedmen, or by their wooly-headed and liberty-crowned descendants. The whole scene had an air of thriftlessness and dilapidation that was rather saddening. Ebony-hued children of toil, both men and women, were at work in the sugar fields, or occupied in the cultivation of vegetables. They were evidently *sojourning*.

We passed through several extensive cypress swamps. From the limbs of the trees hung festoons of moss that swayed to and fro in the breeze like huge and sombre hearse-plumes. In many places there was a heavy undergrowth of cane. The pitch pine, palmetto, and budding trees, such as the oak, ash, poplar and elm, reminded us that we were a thousand miles to the south of Lake Michigan. The towns in Louisiana along the route are few and insignificant compared with those of our northern

States; they number usually but a few thousand inhabitants, have no buildings of architectural value and very few manufactures.

While stopping at New Iberia—a good-sized town of 5000 inhabitants in the famous River Teche Country—a prominent gentleman of the place informed us that this region was the garden spot and paradise of the United States, and the great sugar-bowl of America. Travellers, however, usually carry a grain of salt with them for the glowing descriptions of natives as well as for hard-boiled eggs. There is no doubt, however, that this tract of land is one of the most fertile in the State.

S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Exchanges.

—"The Poetry of Scotland" in the *Portfolio* is a careful epitome of a subject that is, perhaps, too little considered.

—The current *Northwestern* is largely devoted to an account of the obsequies of the late President Cummings, of the Northwestern University, and to a biographical sketch of the deceased educator.

—The latest issue of the *College Transcript* is remarkable for its attenuated literary department. Its editorials, however, are timely and forceful, and atone in part for the meagre interest of other departments.

—We learn from the *College World*, of Adrian College, that that institution has no base-ball or football teams, and that even lawn tennis is tabooed. We would infer that things are in rather a comatose condition in that part of Michigan.

—The most interesting of the many good things in the *Vanderbilt Observer* for May is a letter on "The Study of the Law," written several years ago by the late Alexander H. Stephens to a class of former law students. It is in itself a most able and lucid exposition of the theme, while it gains double interest from the writer's fame.

—The sedate and dignified *Haverfordian* is an exchange that we are always glad to receive. The May number is the first issued by the recently elected board of editors, and it certainly does them credit. Considerable space is devoted to an "Outline History of Haverford Cricket," in which it is stated that Haverford College was the first to popularize the game.

—In reviewing our exchanges we have often been struck by the frequency with which bits of verse from the *Brunonian* are copied. This is hardly to be wondered at; for it must be conceded that the *Brunonian* is *facile princeps* in the production of light and airy verse. Indeed we are inclined rather to marvel at the seemingly ex-

haustless store of poetry that our esteemed contemporary has at command.

—The *Manitou Messenger* for May presents arguments for and against the preservation of the Norwegian language by that people in America. It appears to us that the negative has the better of the argument. As the defender of that side says, the principal reason for keeping up the knowledge of Norwegian, in a country where it is not generally spoken, is to preserve interest in the literature of the Northmen; but this reason loses force from the fact that English literature is far more rich and extensive.

Obituary.

MRS. MARIA LOUISA GREGORI.

Mrs. Maria Louisa Gregori, the estimable wife of Signor L. Gregori, of the University, departed this life at St. Mary's Academy last Wednesday evening, after a lingering illness. The deceased was a native of Italy, born in Rome, in 1817, and came to Notre Dame with her husband in 1874, when the latter's services were secured by Very Rev. Father General Sorin for the Art Department of the University. Ever since that time Mrs. Gregori and her gifted daughter, Miss Fannie, made St. Mary's their home, and won all hearts by their gentle dispositions and rare acquirements. For a number of years the deceased had been a sufferer; but her illness was borne with Christian patience and resignation, until the final summons came on the night of the 21st inst. The funeral services were held in the Church of Loreto, at St. Mary's, on Friday afternoon. Very Rev. Father General Sorin officiated, assisted by many of the clergy from the University. The members of the Community, the pupils of the Academy, and a number of friends from abroad, accompanied the remains to their last resting-place in the beautiful little Community graveyard. To the afflicted husband and daughter, all at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt sympathy in their great trial; but they have the consoling assurance that the close of a life so truly Christian, crowned with such a happy end, is but the entrance into life eternal in God's blessed vision. May she rest in peace!

Local Items.

- To-morrow is Pentecost Sunday.
- Grover caught, but not the election.
- “Triples,” soon! Prepare for the fray!
- There is no telling what will come next.
- This is the season of “ye trip to the Farm.”
- Did you hear the storm last Thursday night?
- The team missed the train, but they did not kick.
- The Philodemics covered themselves with glory.

—Button-hole bouquets are plentiful, wherefore this?

—Ann Arbor to-day—victory or death—win the race or get left.

—The Palais de l'Industrie is rapidly approaching completion.

—Well, if Goshen beat that does not hinder us from beating next time.

—The study-hall was converted into a dormitory last Friday morning.

—Co. “B,” H. L. G., it is whispered, has a weather eye cast on that pennant.

—The time is fast approaching when the water-cart sprinkler may be expected to make its daily rounds.

—The St. Cecilians took their annual trip to the Farm last Thursday; as usual, it was exceedingly enjoyable.

—Don't forget the Junior base-ball banquet on Thursday next. Tickets, only fifty cents. Help the good cause along!

—The bath-house was the scene of a terrific explosion on Monday evening. For further particulars, consult the “5.30 crowd.”

—Shooting is prohibited at this season. It disturbs the atmosphere, as well as the birds. Don't shoot, please. See us later—when we've all gone home.

—We would respectfully suggest to the Vigilance Committee that they use their influence to have the price of ice-cream lowered. The consumers desire a change!

—Mrs. M. Spillard, mother of the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., of the University Faculty, Mrs. J. D. Spillard, and Mrs. J. Barclay, of Elgin, Ill., are welcome visitors to Notre Dame.

—The First Communion class of '90 enjoyed a pleasant excursion to St. Joseph's Farm on Tuesday last. “Grover Gale” distinguished himself on 1st, in the interesting ball game which took place in the afternoon.

—Bro. Alfred has laid out some artistically formed cement walks in St. Joseph's Place, and our genial landscape gardener, Bro. Bonaventure, has added to the beauty of the same by a number of well designed plats.

—The Band, Orchestra and the vocal classes had a banquet Thursday; there was plenty of good things and all enjoyed themselves hugely. The Captain cared not for etiquette lectures, but helped himself. All return thanks to Fathers Regan and Mohun.

—The Bulletins were read in the Senior and Junior departments last Sunday. Messrs. N. Sinnott, L. Herman, S. Hummer, J. Burns, E. Blessington, V. Vurpillat and A. Ahlrichs in the Senior and Pierce Murphy in the Junior departments received perfect Bulletins.

—Our genial Dean of the Law Department, Prof. William Hoyne, has been confined to his room for the past ten days through a severe illness. We are happy to state, however, that

he is now convalescent and in a day or two will be able to resume his duties.

—The following should have appeared in the "List of Excellence" last week: *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Wile, S. Campbell, Hummer, Weitzel, Burger; *Geometry*—Messrs. Kunart, O. Sullivan, J. Fitzgerald, Keough, Stapleton; *Greek*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Adelsperger, N. Sinnott, Just, Quinlan.

—On the occasion of Very Rev. Provincial Corby's official visit to St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, last week, the students gave an excellent entertainment in his honor. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Address of Welcome by the Seniors.....J. Heyl
Song—"Columbia's Standard," St. Cecilia Philharmonic Society.
Declamation—"Nola Kozmo".....A. Heyl
Welcome by the Juniors.....J. Gilligan
Song—"Forest Bird".....J. Conroy
Declamation—"The Gladiator".....A. Birnbryer
Declamation—"The Mass".....B. Loebker
Address by the Minims.....W. Killduff
Declamation—"The Widow of Naim".....F. Kushman
Song—"After".....J. Wehenpohl
Closing Remarks.....Very Rev. Father Provincial

—Last Sunday evening after the tired players had somewhat recovered from the fatigue of the game, they accepted Bro. Cajetan's kind invitation to partake of a little spread in the comfortable reading room in St. Edward's Hall. The evening passed pleasantly. The affair, though prepared on short notice, was pronounced by all to be a decided success. Prof. J. G. Ewing presided at the feast. Speeches were made by several of the visitors. The remarks of Mr. Garfias were especially good; and on the part of the entertainers, Master Gilbert maintained the reputation of the Minim department in a neat and tasty little speech. The Seniors are loud in their praise of Bro. Cajetan's hospitality and uniform kindness, and would take this opportunity to tender him their cordial thanks for the pleasant evening they spent.

—Rev. President Walsh, who has been examining the classes in St. Edward's Hall, went, accompanied by Brother Marcellinus, to the first Arithmetic class, and the result so surprised the examiners that they proposed to the Minims to challenge the corresponding class in the Junior department. The Minims, encouraged by the victories they have gained in base-ball over the Sorin Hall gentlemen, have accepted the challenge, and the Rev. President has fixed the 6th of June for the contest in Grammar and later on for Arithmetic. In the meantime, the princes are preparing in the earnest manner characteristic of them for the battle of the 6th prox. The Rev. President and Brother Marcellinus had only words of praise for the entire class; but make special mention of Masters Elkin, Marr, Connor, Browning, Barbour, Roberts and Gilbert.

—On the 18th inst., at 3.30 p.m., a large crowd of admiring friends and lovers of the national game filled the Grand Stand and bleaching

boards of the 'Varsity teams' grounds to witness the 2d game for the championship of St. Joe Co., between the Minims and Sorin Hall. The game was a splendid exhibition of ball playing on the part of both nines, particularly Cavanagh's catching and the infield work of Sorin Hall. Sullivan opened up the game in his old-time fashion, and immediately went back to the bench. Chute made a hit, and after Flynn made two desperate swipes at the wind he caught the ball on the end of his willow, and landed it safe in "deep centre." Hagerty's sacrifice brought Chute home, and then the "wizard" gathered himself and retired Cavanagh on strikes. For the Minims, Hamilton led off with a single. Girardin followed his example; and when Garfias found the next batted ball two men had crossed the plate, and Roberts stood on second. The next five batters kept up the fun, and when the side was retired the score stood 5 to 1 in favor of the Minims.

For the next four innings the Minims had everything their own way; Girardin's pitching was a puzzle to the heavy hitters of the Sorin Hall nine. Good batting by Barret, Brannick, Blackman and Garfias enabled Sorin Hall to score five runs in the fifth inning, and from then on they played good base-ball and won the game. Nichols for the Minims played a remarkably fine game. Roberts' catching was excellent; Gilbert on third made two difficult stops; Hamilton at short played well, and Stephenson and Zeigler caught everything that came within their reach. The next game will be played on the Minims' grounds. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SORIN HALL:—	1	0	0	1	5	3	2	8	4=24
MINIMS:—	5	1	4	0	7	0	1	4	1=23

Hits: Sorin Hall, 19; Minims, 17. Errors, Minims, 8; Sorin Hall, 10. 2 base hits: Roberts (2), Barrett (2); 3 base hit: Brannick. Struck out: Sorin Hall, 10; Minims, 5.

—FIFTY-FIRST SESSION OF CONGRESS:—The Philodemics had a most successful display on Friday evening, the 17th inst. It was the closing session of the year, and invitations had been issued to about forty visitors who enjoyed a rare treat in the admirably high average of the oratory during the evening. If, as Mr. H. P. Brelsford intimated, in his happy remarks at the close, the meeting was not an exceptional one, I heartily add my mite of praise to that of Father Morrissey and Professors Ewing and Brogan on the very remarkable exhibition of keen argument and eloquent language. Mr. H. P. Brelsford occupied the chair. The Secretary Mr. Fitzgibbons, when the roll-call had been got through, read the terms of the Bill before the House:

HOUSE-BILL No. 343.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, in Congress assembled:

That all artificial restriction of trade or commerce, or any interference with the normal prices of commodities as determined by open competition, is hereby declared pernicious and unlawful.

That any person or persons combining for the above purposes, in the form commonly known as trusts or in

any other manner, shall be subject to a fine of \$5000 for the first conviction in a United States court; and upon a second conviction such person or persons shall forfeit the charter under which his or their business is conducted; and in addition shall be imprisoned in the penitentiary not less than five nor more than twenty years.

The debate was opened by Mr. Hepburn, member for Texas, who maintained that Trusts, such as the Bill was designed to meet, drained the very life-blood of the poorer classes. This measure was opposed by the Republicans, but the policy of the Republicans had always been to oppose measures for the relief of the poor. He was followed by Mr. Sinnott, who found himself unable to endorse the Bill before the house. It was carelessly framed, and he was of opinion that the remedy would be worse than the disease. It was, moreover, directed against the interests of wage workers and the Knights of Labor. Mr. Cooke, Illinois, considered that the Bill would have been unnecessary with the early days of American enterprise; but now that the cold blasts of realism were assailing us from every side, he felt bound to favor it with true Democratic fervor. The bill is not unconstitutional, because it promotes the welfare of the people which, after all, is the end of the constitution. It has been said, by members on the other side of the house that wages increase, but if they do, so does the price of provisions. One half of the United States is owned by 35,000 people. Mr. Louis Chute, Minnesota, thought that the centralization of trade effected by Trusts promoted the best interests of the people. In union is strength. Trusts supply a uniform schedule of prices, an average rate of wages, and give employments to greater numbers of people. A representative from Pennsylvania, whose name, I am sorry to say, I failed to catch, but whose speech I have marked in my hasty notes as "very good," favored the Bill on the ground that Trusts, by doing away with competition, increase prices. Those companies pay less for raw material and actually charge more for the manufactured goods. It doesn't pay farmers to raise produce because these Trusts can dictate terms to them. Mr. Berry, Louisiana, spoke at some length in favor of Trusts, which were, he contended, favorable to the poor. To prevent competition is to lower prices, because it is against the interest of Trusts to demand high prices. Mr. Wright, Texas, favored the Bill. The business of this country was run by a few men, and Englishmen at that. If we cannot have liberty let us have death. Mr. F. Chute, Wisconsin, held that Trusts could never fail, whereas at present every newspaper one took up was full of bankruptcies. But in a Trust the money merely goes from one pocket to another. Mr. Fitzgibbons, Kentucky, spoke with a promising eloquence and a good delivery. He viewed Trusts as the legitimate offspring of protection—combinations to force up the price of necessities which he exemplified in the case of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Delany, of New York, maintained that Trusts raised the quality of articles and were the friends

of the poor. The house has no right to legislate on the matter. Mr. Morrison, Iowa, who displayed a keen insight into the hard facts of the case, but who was evidently unprepared, held that the large profits of Trusts came from their economy and not from the laborers' pockets. The Standard Oil Company was an exceptional instance of large fortunes being speedily amassed by Trusts, and, in any case, that was a *democratic* institution. Mr. McGrath, Illinois, opposed the Bill in a bright speech. Mr. Sullivan, Iowa, who has considerable gifts of irony and innuendo with an effective manner contributed a telling *extempore* address. The debate was concluded by Mr. Brelsford in the speech of the evening. He was eloquent, forcible and brilliant, and I am sure he will pardon me for not mutilating it here when I say that I was so pleased in listening to his remarks that I forgot to take any notes.

(FROM THE GALLERY.)

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Brelsford, Bachrach, Blackman, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, Campbell, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, T. Coady, Dacy, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Fitzgibbon, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, Garfias, Houlihan, Herman, Hummer, Hempeler, Hoover, Hayes, Higbie, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, Krembs, J. Kelly, F. Kelly, Kunart, Keyes, Langan, Lancaster, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lahey, F. Long, Leonard, T. McKeon, McKee, W. McPhee, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, Meehan, Mandrue, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Powers, Paradis, Phillips, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Rebillot, Reynolds, Rother, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, L. Sanford, Scherrer, Seymour, Standard, Sanchez, Talbot, F. Vurpillat, Wright.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Blumenthal, Bradley, Burke, Burns, J. Connors, Collman, Cheney, Coe, Cudahy, Delany, Dempsey, Drumm, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Garrison, Grund, Howard, Hambaugh, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Higbie, Halhusen, Heller, Ibold, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, V. Kehoe, Kutsche, J. Leonard, Lenard, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, L. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, McCartney, A. McPhillips, Jas McPhillips, F. McKee, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, Otis, O'Mara, O'Neill, Prichard, Quill, Quinlan, Seerey, Sokup, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Tivnen, Treff, Weitzel, Ward, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Crane, Croke, Coon, Durand, Drant, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, C. Griggs, Girsch, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Holbrook, Hendry, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, Myers, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Morrison, Mosier, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oatman, O'Neill, Priestly, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Wilson, Weber, Wolf, Zeigler, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Raymond McPhee.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Children of Mary show an edifying regularity in their special devotions for the month of Mary.

—The favorite pastime among the Minims and Juniors is a ramble through the woods in quest of wild flowers in which Indiana is rich.

—St. Mary's had the honor of entertaining, for a few days of last week, Dr. A. Rooney, Coroner of Brooklyn, N. Y. The Doctor was accompanied by his amiable wife.

—At the request of Very Rev. Father General, Miss K. Morse read a most interesting sketch at the academic meeting of Sunday last. The subject was "The Death of the Goddess of Reason."

—Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., gave another mark of special interest in the pupils of the Centennial State, by giving a charming luncheon in their honor on Tuesday, May 20. The visitors' dining-room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the *menu* cards were artistically beautiful. The guests were Dr. M. F. Egan, Prof. Liscomb, a duly authorized representative of the SCHOLASTIC, and the young ladies from Colorado, numbering twenty-five. M. Jonquet, of South Bend, served the following

MENU:

Bouchies à la Reine.
Radis.
Olives.
Poulet frit, à la crème
Pommes de Terre, à la Saratoga.
Galantine de dinde en Jelée.
Charlotte Russe.
Crème Bisque Glacée.
Fraises à la Crème
Petits Fours Assortis.
Confiserie Française.
Café Noir.

The luncheon was followed by a reception in the Vocal Hall, where Prof. Liscombe delighted the young ladies by charming vocal selections. A more enjoyable affair could not be imagined, and all are profuse in their thanks to Rev. Father Zahm, to whom they owe so many favors.

Obituary.

—Mrs. L. Gregori departed this life at St. Mary's, after a long and painful illness, on Wednesday, May 21, fortified by the Sacraments of the Church. Her life of prayer and the patient endurance of suffering during her last illness must surely win for her the reward promised to the faithful who persevere unto the end. Full of years and of good works, let us hope she has found merciful judgment. Sincere sympathy is extended to her bereaved husband and to Fannie, their devoted daughter, in this their sad affliction.

May Devotions.

Softly steal the shades of evening
Into sunlit nooks of day;
Then, 'mid gathering folds of darkness,
Arrowy beams of moonlight play.

Silvery sounds of running waters
Whisper on the balmy air,
And the breezes, perfume laden,
Tell of blossoms sweetly fair.

Calm, majestic in the moonlight,
Stands our Blessed Lady's shrine,
With the holy cross above it,
Pledge of benisons benign.

And within the arching portals
Of that chapel consecrate,
Gather loyal souls to honor
Heaven's Queen Immaculate.

Flowers and lights their homage offer,
And the children cluster there,
Hearts and lips to Heaven uplifted
On the wings of music's prayer.

Protestations loyal place they,
At the foot of Mary's throne,
Consecrating all the future
To her loving sway alone.

Then our Mother leads her children
Gently to her Son Divine,
And their adoration mingles
With the incense round the shrine.

Lowly bend the white-veiled maidens,
Lowly bends each youthful heart,
And the forms of kneeling Sisters,
(Theirs, indeed, the better part!)

Lowly bend in adoration,
While their souls are raised in prayer,
And a myriad of angels
Float upon the incensed air.

Then a hush falls on the watchers,
Mary's Son draws still more near,
To bestow His benediction
On His Mother's clients dear.

Years will bring both joy and sorrow,
But whatever may betide,
Thoughts of May-days at St. Mary's,
With us ever shall abide.

Ah, St. Mary's! May thy children,
Ever keep with tender love
Mary's month, until we gather
At her feet in Heaven above.

E. DE M.

Fashion.

Let us in imagination turn back the wheel of time, and, visiting a city in ancient Greece, we behold a noble temple within whose arched porticos is displayed a scene of solemn splendor. Between the columns are described the rich curtains which, as they are drawn back, reveal the goddess to whose honor the temple is dedicated.

Gorgeous in gold, precious stones, and costly fabrics, is the statue at whose feet her votaries are prostrate. Anthems peal forth, clouds of incense rise through the spacious halls, the aged priest and vestal virgins kneel in adoration as the sacrifice is offered. Glancing from the goddess to the worshippers at her shrine, we recognize grave philosophers, patricians, plebians, and slaves whose demonstrations are the louder as their superstition is the greater. As we gaze another scene is brought to our mind in which fashion is the goddess and society the worshippers. In all paths of life we meet people who blindly follow the dictates of fashion. In the philosopher of the temple we trace a resemblance to the learned men whose names are written on the scroll of fame. With surprise and almost incredulity we read of the weakness exhibited by Thomas Guey in following the styles and foibles of fashion; the aristocracy of the social world is not unlike the patrician arrayed in the costly raiment indicative of his rank; while to the vestal virgins may be compared the young lady of society.

It would be difficult to trace the course of fashion from Jacob's rude cloak of sheep skin to the classic Grecian robes, and thence to the everchanging costumes of the present time. A writer has truly said: "Fashion plays a capricious tune to lead the social world a pretty dance." To illustrate this one look at the so-called *dude*, posing in studied attitude, is sufficient; his mission is to decorate society's parlors, parks and clubs, with neck encased in a collar that prevents head movement, pedal extremities dressed in long pointed patent-leather shoes, all of which serve to show the folly of fashion and, alas! of man.

Truly, fashion proves the rigid tyrant to the feminine world. The Chinese lady almost forgets the agony she has endured, when proudly contemplating her tiny feet. Not alone in pagan countries, but the world over this holds true; for what pain and trouble does not the society belle undergo for the sake of possessing small feet and waist, fine complexion and well-dressed hair.

Ascending the broad steps leading to a brown stone mansion on Fifth Avenue and, taking the large brass knocker in our hand, we are admitted by liveried servants. Turkish portiers are drawn aside, and we enter a spacious apartment where Dame Fashion's hand is visible in all the arrangements: a table across which venerable ancestors discussed the events of Washington's administration, and ornamented with pumpkin yellow ribbon, occupies the centre of the room; rugs on which might have once reclined sultans of ages past, and Egyptians would grieve over the fate of their gods now regarded as bric-à-brac. As we make our adieu, and descend the steps, we breathe a sigh of relief, and we long for the days when fashion was but a vassal and her sway was not supreme.

Fashion wields her sceptre with an iron hand,

and under her reign many have sunk to the depths of ruin. When reading the daily papers we are appalled at the deeds recorded therein; trace them to their source, and to our surprise we find fashion to be the chief factor in bringing about this result. They who would avoid such deplorable consequences should, in this as in all else, be governed by the laws of moderation, and thus they will reconcile the mandates of fashion with the bounty of fortune.

THEDE BALCH (*First Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Byrnes, Cunningham, Cooper, Currier, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dennison, S. Dempsey, Donahue, English, Flannery, Fosdick, Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Harmes, Hellmann, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Lauth, Lloyd, McFarland, F. Moore, Maher, C. McCarthy, Murison, M. McPhee, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, N. Morse, Nickel, Norris, O'Brien, Otis, Piper, Patier, Pitcher, A. Ryan, Roberts, Rinehart, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Stapleton, D. Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, N. Schermerhern, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Cooper, Carlin, M. Davis, Dreyer, B. Davis, Evoy, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, Levy, Mabbs, McGuire, Meskill, A. O'Mara, Patrick, Phlion, E. Quealy, Regan, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, Scherrer, M. Smyth, Sweeney, J. Smyth, A. Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, N. Wurzburg, Wright, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, N. Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, McCarthy, M. Hamilton, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Bates, Davis, Dempsey, Flannery, Hammond, Healy.

FIRST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Balch, Clarke, Horner, K. Hurley, C. Hurley, Hurff, Moore, Van Mourick, Curtis, Morse, Deutsch.

SECOND SENIOR CLASS—Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Crane, Davis, K. Morse, Nacey, Nickel, Piper, Stapleton, Thirds, Violette.

THIRD SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bogner, Holt, Dennison, Dolan, Hepburn, Lynch, Maher, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Spurgeon.

FIRST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bero, Butler, Churchill, Dempsey, Donahue, D. Davis, Green, Fosdick, Hull, Kelso, Kimmell, Lauth, Lewis, McCarthy, McHugh, Murison, Moore, Norris, Patier, Pugsley, Schaefer, Wurzburg, Ernest, Burdick, M. Burns, E. Burns, Reeves, S. Levy, Tormey, Smyth.

SECOND PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bovett, M. Cochrane, Cooper, De Montcourt, Dorsey, Farwell, L. Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, A. Koopman, Mullaney, Rentfrow, Rinn, Schermerhorn, Clifford, Cooke, O'Mara, Phlion, Wurzburg, Wagner, Soper.

THIRD PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses A. Ahlrichs.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses E. Schermerhorn, M. Davis, B. Davis, Patrick, Smyth, L. McHugh, Daley, Evoy, Meskill, O'Brien, Palmer, Regan, Ruger, Sweeney, Scherrer, Young, McGuire, E. Wagner.

FIRST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Hickey, Holmes, Cooper, Mabbs, Shirey, Robbins, Kasper, Wood, Wright.

SECOND JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Ernest, Crandall, Porteous, Finnerty, Coady, Eldred.